

The Sweethearts.

A New Comic Song.

Tune — *Derry down.*

SINCE the world is so old, and the times are so new,
And ev'ry thing talk'd of, except what is true;
Amongst other stories my fable may pass,
Of three or four Sweethearts who courted a Lafs.
Derry down, &c.

The first was from France, a-la-mode de Paris;
All fashion and feather, bien Monsieur poudrie;
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff again.

A Dutchman advanc'd — when the Lady he saw,
He dropped his pipe, and he blubber'd out, "Yaw!"
With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

From Connaught itself, strait another beau came,
Macfinnin Macgragh Ballinbrough was his name;
He bow'd to the Lafs, and he star'd at Monsieur,
Clapp'd hand on his sword, and said, Arrah, my dear!

A neat English Sailor, in holiday trim,
Who long lov'd the Lafs, and the Lafs loved him,
Athwart them he step'd, under arm toss'd his switch,
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers a
hitch.

He along side her fell, and he grappled on board;
She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd;
Then he tow'd her to church — and as to the rest,
What afterwards happen'd, is easily guess'd.

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